

The
Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.
NOBISCUM
CHRISTUS STATE.

School Record

April, 1935.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 50

APRIL, 1935

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

L. HARRIS, D. HUNT, PARSONS.

School Register.

Valete

*Ledbury, S. J. (vi.), 1930-34.	Perrott, D. A. (Low. iv.), 1933-34
*Perrott, I. B. (vi.), 1932-34.	Perrott, J. T. (Low. iv.), 1934.
*Tombs, M. (vi.), 1932-34.	Guise, J. S. B. (Rem.), 1932-34.
Byrne, D. (Low. v.), 1931-34.	Sandilands, R. W. (Rem.), 1932-34.
	*Prefect.

Salvete

Allen, A. J. (i.)	Orme E. R. (Rem.)
Harris, B. M. (iii.)	Spencer, R. J. (i.)
Holder J. (iii.)	Toplis, R. M. (iii.)

Old Scholars' Guild News.

PRESIDENT—E. A. Finnemore.

SECRETARY—S. Styler.

TREASURER—R. Smith.

The winter reunion was held at School on the evening of Saturday, December 15th. The attendance was somewhat smaller than usual, but all those present—between sixty and seventy—spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening. Both before and after supper dancing filled the programme, the invitation to "come and trip it" being offered by a specially augmented orchestra. Midnight arrived all too soon, and the reunion closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

During the supper interval, the balance sheet for the year ending July, 1934, was presented and adopted. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the honorary auditors, B. Walker and N. Staff.

On New Year's Eve a very successful dance, organised by the committee, was held in the Town Hall. There was a large attendance, and a profit of £4 13s. 8d. was made.

On Friday, December 14th, the Old Scholars met the School XI. at hockey, and won a victory of 10 goals to 1. The Old Scholars were represented by the following: R. Bunting, M. Bomford, L. Heath, S. Yates, E. Holder, K. Bomford, C. Holder, M. Bomford, G. Ainge, M. Clark, N. Ainge.

In a football match on Saturday, December 15th, the Old Scholars defeated the School XI. by 3 goals to 2. The Old Scholars' team consisted of J. White, D. Baylis, C. Edkins, J. Sumner, E. Chattaway, W. Savage, B. Hodgkinson, K. Bailey, S. Bailey, F. Rook, D. Saunders.

The Old Scholars' Football XI. have so far played three matches, two with Redditch Old Boys, and one with Stratford N.F.U., but were unfortunately defeated in all three. However we wish them better luck next season, when we hope that they will be able to arrange more matches.

Old Scholars were very pleased to see E. Betteridge at the winter reunion. He was in England on a few months' holiday, after being in Canada for several years. He has now returned to his work in Vancouver Island.

Birth.

On Sunday, March 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. C. T. L. Caton—a son.

Marriage.

On Saturday, December 8th, at Stratford-on-Avon, E. Broadley to Florence Ivy Dowdeswell (scholar 1914—25).

“Haircut, Sir?”

THE EDITOR,
THE A.G.S. RECORD.

Dear Sir,

Since my last effusion appeared in these your honourable columns, it has been my very great privilege to be present at a very interesting major operation—the removal of hair from the small head of a large gentleman. I was so impressed that I am venturing to set before your readers a brief description of what I saw. It seems to me that here is *the* profession for the individualist.

Having completely exhausted the total stock of literature which the barber's shop could offer—namely a Sports 'Argus' of 1930 vintage and a 'Pork Butcher's Journal,' I commenced to examine all about me. Then having examined in minute detail all the pictures upon the wall, and failed ignominiously in an attempt to outstare the rosy-faced cherubim who beamed upon me from the very artistic advertisement for 'Apple's Shaving Soap,' which hung opposite me, my attention wandered to the cleared space in the centre of the room where the fight (sorry, operation!) had just commenced, with a cry of 'next please' from the barber.

A large gentleman arose, and moved with deliberation toward the scaffold (pardon me, chair) in the centre of the room. He seated himself with care in the seat which he obviously regarded with suspicion, and finding that it stood the strain without showing any signs of bending or folding up—he lay back, breathing heavily. Meanwhile the white-clad barber swathed him in long white cloths, until he looked like a toga-clad Roman seated in a chair of state. The lord of the scissors stood back for a moment and eyed with a disparaging eye the head before him. His lip curled, and into his face crept a look of disgust unutterable, as he saw what he obviously considered poor cuttin' by some other less experienced hand than his own.

Then with a voice which quivered with scarce repressed scorn—he enquired: 'Ow d'yer like it—sir?' The fat gentleman obviously realising the wrath which his top hat caused, gave his instructions in a low and much repressed voice. Whereupon the look of scorn on the face of the tonsorial artist deepened—and he replied with deep feeling and much emphasis on the first and last words: 'Just yer leave it to me!' Then with a quick movement of his arm, he drew his weapon and advanced to the attack. With a vicious snap he removed a large chunk of hair—and the fight was on! With an unpleasant glitter in his eyes he proceeded to wreak his vengeance upon the head of the rotund unfortunate in the chair. Strange to say he worked in complete silence. In reply to a tentative question as to the identity of the victor in the '3.30,' he replied icily that he did not know; neither would he give an opinion upon the chances of the local football team for the cup, or attempt to forecast the coming climatic conditions of the neighbourhood. No, indeed nothing would induce him to speak, so that in the end the fat gentleman relapsed into an injured silence.

The scissors clicked rapidly and I, the interested spectator of this unusual scene marvelled at the rapidity with which the barber wielded his tools, and the dexterity with which he removed obstinate tufts of hair. His technique was dazzling in the extreme—his foot work excellent—never have I seen better. He moved rapidly round his prostrated victim and his scissors gleamed dully as he darted hither and thither.

It was obvious that here was a master of his craft, and what an individualist he was! Not one iota of notice did he take of the ten sentences in which the adipose gentleman had described the type of haircut required, no not he! With every movement of his shears he was cutting his personal signature on to the head of hair before him, just as surely as tho' he were signing some book. The whole attitude of this martinet of the scissors seemed to shout aloud that he knew a good deal better what type of cut was best for his client than that worthy did himself.

It was soon over, and the large one came slowly to his feet; he surveyed himself in the mirror, and it was obvious that what he saw did not please him overmuch. But, mastering his temper with true British sportsmanship, he paid up and departed.

This example shows just how careful one must be when going to a barber. If one goes to a strange one, it is so easy for him to see that you are not a habitue—for he can recognise the cut of another hand.

So, my dear sir, ends my discourse on hair cutting, the most individualistic of all professions—and if this discourse has been of any use to your readers in helping to solve the problem of their future employment, I shall feel twice repaid for any effort incurred thereon.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

Notes and News.

Bayne has been appointed a senior prefect, while Hewlett i., Luker and Parsons have been made junior prefects.

D. Hunt and M. Rowles are respectively the Brownies' and Tomtits' Arts and Crafts captains.

Football colours have been awarded to Richards and Keniston, and hockey colours to I. Tombs.

Half term was the week end February 22—25.

On Thursday, March 7th, members of the Sixth and Upper Fifth with Miss Evans paid a visit to the Bournville works of Messrs. Cadbury.

On Thursday, January 17th, a lantern lecture on Sweden was given in the hall by Mr. Nugent Harris.

Another lantern lecture was given on Friday, January 25th. The lecturer was Mr. Browning Button, his subject being "Somerset and the Doone Country."

Miss Kidd joined the Staff as visiting Domestic Science Mistress at the beginning of last term.

An innovation has been made this term in the provision of milk to scholars. Milk is now supplied in small sealed bottles instead of in cups, as previously. A large number of children have taken advantage of the new scheme, and the habit of drinking milk through straws is fast becoming a habit.

This term the Sixth have formed a listening group for the wireless "Talks for Sixth Forms" on Tuesday afternoons.

A letter expressing very hearty thanks for the toys supplied by scholars of Alcester Grammar School has been received from St. Martin's Christmas Holiday Play Centres. In it the writer says "Each of the 2,500 boys and girls went away from the Centre with either a book or a toy, to which distribution your school so kindly contributed. I wish that you could have seen their appreciation."

Term ends on Tuesday, April 9th.

An Irish Beggar.

There are two things not to be described, which, to know what they are you must see. Those two things are Taglioni's dancing, and an Irish beggar's hat. The one is a wonder in Action;—the other an enigma in Form.

Houligan was a highly characteristic specimen of an Irish beggar. As some person said, "You have never seen a well-dressed beggar yet;" but Houligan was a particularly ill-fledged bird of the beggar tribe. His corduroys were not a bit too good and his coat had lost half the skirt, thereby partially revealing the aforesaid corduroys; or, if one might be permitted to indulge in an image, the half skirt that remained served to produce a partial eclipse of the disc of the corduroy. This was what painters call picturesque; by the way, the vulgar are always amazed that some tattered remains of any thing is more prized by the painter than the freshest production in all its gloss of novelty. The beggar's stockings, too, in the neglected falling of their folds round his leg, and the wisp of straw that fringed the opening of his gaping brogues, were valuable additions to the picture; and his hat—but stop; his hat it would be vain to attempt to describe.

Houligan's waistcoat, too, was a curiosity, or rather, a cabinet of curiosities; for he appropriated its pockets to various purposes: snuff, resin, tobacco, a clasp-knife with half a blade, a piece of flint, the stump of a pipe, some bits of twine and ends of fiddle-strings were all huddled together promiscuously. Houligan himself called his waistcoat Noah's Ark, for, as he said himself, there was a little of everything in it, barring money, and that would never stay in his company.

Of course, Houligan was musical, and Houligan's fiddle was as great a curiosity as himself, and like its master, somewhat the worse for wear. It had been broken some scores of times, and yet, by dint of glue, was continued in what an antiquary would call "a fine state of preservation;" that is to say, there was rather more of glue than wood in the article. The stringing of the instrument was as great a piece of patchwork as itself, and exhibited great ingenuity on the part of its owner. Many was the knot above the finger board and below the bridge—that is, when the fiddle was in its best order, but in the case of fractures on the field of action, at wake, on saint's day, or at a fair, where the fiddler, unlike the girl he was playing for, had not two strings to his bow. In such case the old string should be knotted, wherever it might require to be, and probably the music was not a bit the worse for it. Indeed, the only economy that poor Houligan ever practised was in the strings of his fiddle, and those were an admirable exemplification of the proverb of "making both ends meet."

His fiddle, partly enfolded in a scanty bit of old baize, was tucked under his left arm, and his right was employed in helping him to hobble along by means of a black-thorn stick, when I saw him in a small by-road in southern Ireland.

I. B. P.

A Dream.

One night I dreamt
A marvellous dream,
I saw a fairy
Not fit to be seen.

She had ruffled hair
And broken wings,
But up came a demon
With a tail full of stings.

He chased her and chased her . . .
Far, far away,
Only to come back
The very next day.

It was full of magic
That night, do you see?
I was watching it all
From up in a tree.

D. REES (Remove).

Some Facts and Thoughts about Life in Malaya.

Malaya is the term which has come into general use for the Peninsular at the south east corner of Asia, consisting of the Straits Settlements, which are part of the British Empire, the Federated Malay States and the un-Federated Malay States. The whole covers an area of roughly 52,300 square miles, which may be compared with the 50,800 square miles of England (without Wales) to give a clear idea of the size of the Country. It may be said to have come into the permanent purview of Europe with the Portuguese occupation of Malacca in 1511.

The Malay race is said to have originated in Sumatra, although there are still to be found in the jungle, aborigines which are thought to be a race of Negritos related to the Betas of the Philippines ; also there are the Sakai, who inhabit

Europeans are engaged in the production and manufacture of rubber, or the mining of tin, Malaya's most stable industries, and in commerce or the legal and medical professions, or the various Government departments.

Daily life for the European varies according to the nature of the occupation, but it is safe to say that everyone rises comparatively early and takes tea and fruit soon after seven. The hours of meals are practically the same as in England, except that a very light lunch is taken and then a big meal at about 8 p.m. The days may be divided into four sections, the first from rising to mid-day when the men work and women are busily engaged in light house duties, such as needlework or fancy cooking, or "strafing" the servants. The second from 2 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. when the men work again and women generally rest. The third from 4.30 p.m. to 7 p.m. when sport is generally indulged in. Most of the games in vogue in England are played in Malaya, including golf, hockey, soccer, rugby, tennis, cricket and badminton. The Asiatics are expert at hockey, football and badminton, but in the other games I would say that Europeans hold their own, even though they are not so accustomed to the heat of this country. The fourth division of the day is taken up in varying forms of indoor social activity. We have cinemas and get all the up-to-date films; also a Club and grounds where we play most of our games and dance.

The houses we live in are very roomy. They are always called bungalows, no matter whether they have an upper storey or not. The size is positively staggering. We have great lofty rooms capable of being used as small ball rooms, with curtains instead of doors to divide one apartment from another, except, of course, in the case of bedrooms, where short swing doors are used; all this is for coolness and better ventilation. The bathrooms are very disappointing after the beautiful white ones we are used to. They have one redeeming feature only, and that is that there are plenty of them, one to each bedroom always. They are just bare rooms containing a large earthenware tub, which is called a Shanghai Jar and a big zinc bath. The usual procedure is to get the Shanghai Jar full of water (cold water is laid on, but not hot, but your house boy has an endless supply of this if required), then you stand in the bath and with the help of a "dipper" (a small bucket with a handle like a saucepan), you get yourself thoroughly wet and then soaped, and then the fun begins. It is hard to believe what a lovely exhilarating effect it has on you to stand and keep "chuck-

ing " lovely cool water over yourself. The floors are concrete and the walls, as I said before, quite bare ; so nothing matters, you can splash as much as you like.

The bungalows are surrounded by large gardens, where tennis or badminton courts can be tucked away in one corner and hardly noticed. All the year round the grass is green and flowers are in bloom. The climate is so uniform that growth is possible at all times of the year. There are, consequently, no regular or strongly-marked seasons of flowering or leaf-fall. But nevertheless the flora does definitely seem to have an " off season," and there come short intervals when one goes into the garden to gather a bouquet and finds it very difficult, as everything seems to be " changing its coat."

MAUD BROWNE (née Walker).

(*To be concluded*)

Olla Podrida

" Thus Alcibiades," translates K.M.C., " born for the last forty years, died for the last time."

Clamor aurea sidera ferit, according to E.S. means ' a shout brings golden stars.' Striking, isn't it?

" I will now," observed W.E.S., " close the debate, open for discussion." That is one way to get a debate over quickly.

" In the forests of the Amazon," writes L.P., " the vegetation is vociferous." Trees, of yore, whispered ; now, we presume, they use loud speakers!

Passis palmis, says S.J.L., means ' having marched under the palm trees.'

" You see a millionaire's limousine," writes G.R., " draw up outside a big store, and enter to buy something." This must be the mechanical age of shopping.

" Neptune filled their sails with a favourable wind," says M.R.

Libri venibantur, according to E.L., means ' they were sold free.' Will she inform us of the shop at which such bargains are obtainable.

Air Operating. (*Concluded*)

The most interesting 'flip' was the D. test, which is a short cross-country flight. In my case, the pilot was a group captain, the C.O. of the camp ; so it was up to me to do my best, even at the expense of further flips. After reeling out my aerial and tuning in the transmitter, I found that my receiver required attention, and, although we were over Sleaford, a small town little bigger than Alcester, we banked round and landed again. I soon had the receiver working, and we were upstairs once more. As it was rather a cold morning, I was wearing a Sidcot flying suit, which was as warm and comfortable as a feather bed, and consequently I was not too keen to take it off afterwards. Anyway, I received the message "Proceed to Boston," and after writing it on a message slip, tapped the pilot on his left shoulder and had the pleasure of telling the C.O. what to do. I then had to get down to business, receiving messages such as "Bomb—junction," "Bomb all bridges," and messages asking for the aircraft's position. It would have caused quite a pleasant diversion to have carried out instructions, but some government officials might have woke up for a change and caused a bit of bother. After tapping messages till my hand nearly dropped off, the pilot attracted my attention and pointed downwards. Below me was Boston, the famous church tower showing up very clearly, but as we were about 3,000 feet up, I did not notice any pilgrim fathers running about. By following the muddy course of the Wytham, I could see the Wash, though not very clearly as visibility was not too good. I was getting quite interested in the scenery below, so I asked them to send out my call sign again for me to tune into owing to bad interference from some local stations or shipping ; as a matter of fact I really was experiencing a noise, one that one would expect from an overcrowded aviary and I felt tempted to turn my transmitter on full power and jam the interfering stations. At a good hundred miles per hour, one naturally has no time to pay more than a flying visit to any place, and though the country was still very flat we were leaving behind the dykes, canals and marshes and it was not long before I was told to reel in my aerial and switch off. On such a flight, two hands are hardly sufficient for one is writing down messages in one's log book, re-writing them on message slips to hand to the pilot when perhaps another message comes through while one is half-way through. One has to keep replying to such messages as well as sending out

those which the pilot keeps showering on his already over-worked operator. When one refers to the secret signal book, the log book nearly blows away, a very uncomfortable experience as very few people enjoy C.B. I was kneeling on the floor of the cockpit to keep out of the wind and as it was a very bumpy day, I was rolling all over the cockpit; in fact I sat on the wavemeter, a small device for tuning the transmitter, and bent the coil on it into a very queer shape. As we were tossing about like a ship on the Bay of Biscay, I naturally felt slightly different from when I started out, but the pilot, of course, had to do an almost vertical sideslip and then swerve away from the hangers which we seemed destined to hit when landing.

There only remained C test, which was very different from A, B and D tests. This test combined artillery observation and radio telephony exercises. In artillery observation aircraft, equipped only with transmitters, fly to and fro over the enemy lines, directing the artillery by code signals, obtaining replies by ground strips of white cloth, about ten feet by two feet, laid out on the ground to form letters. In radio telephony, communications are made in speech instead of Morse code, this being mainly used for formation flying by fast fighting aircraft. For this flight we were equipped with a trailing aerial and a wing-tip to tail aerial, a transmitter receiver set, which served both purposes, and the necessary power supplies. Having taken off and performed the usual activities, I sent out signals and looked for the ground strips. After attempting to read the washing in the married quarters and various other white objects, I picked out the wireless cabin where small black objects were laying out the appropriate letters far below, just because I tapped a key—a very pleasant sensation. I then had to change over to my fixed aerial, switch the set over to the short wave and telephony positions, and opened up a conversation with the ground station, such a nice friendly little chat it was, when through some misunderstanding the pilot butted in and told me he was going to land. After landing, he realised the mistake and started raving. The pilot in question ought to have been a peppery Anglo-Indian curry-eating Colonel; what he said might have turned base metal into gold or stopped the air-screw and restarted it in the wrong direction. I made myself scarce as quickly as possible leaving the civilian instructor to calm him down.

If ever a lead weight with a length of aerial wire attached to it ever crashes through the roof of A.G.S. into the hall

during prayers, please don't be alarmed ; it will all be in the interests of radio and aviation.

L. DALES.

From Oxford.

I hear that the four A.G.S. old scholars at Oxford are progressing well. Mr. D. G. R. Gwynne-Jones, as befits a third year man within a term of Schools, is working so hard that Keble hardly sees his benign countenance except at meals and chapels, and only hears his dulcet tones on rare occasions in the Junior Common Room. He still manages, however, to carry out in his usual efficient manner the offices of Junior Treasurer of the University Archaeological Society, President of Tenmantale, Junior Vice-President of the Keble Debating Society, and Secretary of Centrals. We hear also that an 'auto' mobile called Ricci-Ticci has 'come up' again this term and claims most of his spare afternoons in flashing about the countryside beneath an enormous cap. Miss M. A. Browning also seems to work prodigiously hard—in the mornings—in the Radcliffe Camera, though we fear that the Labour Club and other frivolous pursuits do take up too much of her time—a mere matter of time, we suppose, before she descends to the rank of an Isis Idol, since she is already Junior Treasurer of St. Hilda's Debating Society.

Miss J. Lane is still obviously enjoying herself at St. Hugh's while she flounders among her usual orderly notes for P.P.E. Did hear the other day that she was observed reading a book during the course of a lecture, and, on a more famous occasion, entering a "flick," in company, to see "Nell Gwyn"—the fast hussy! 'Tis also to be hoped that she does not always spend her Sundays walking as far afield as Woodeaton and then sit up until midnight writing essays. Mr. C. H. Baylis seems to be proceeding quietly—without the well-known E.G.O. We hear that the strife between the Labour and Conservative Clubs for his membership has been decided in favour of the latter, and that he is now its College Secretary (provisional on the Association being sufficiently Radical to meet with his approval!). The newly formed Oxford Unit of the Democratic Front has also won him over as a member of its preliminary committee. We hear disturbing rumours of riotous bridge parties in his rooms—how that game also can attract the empty headed! In spite of this, however, we believe that the Librarian at the Union already knows him very well, and that his History Tutor in Keble also thinks of plums when he reads his essay.

OBSERVATOR.

A Brave Girl.

Moira and Bill lived with their father and mother in India. Their bungalow was not far from the edge of the jungle. Moira had the character of being a very quiet girl, and everyone was surprised when one day she and her brother were going for a walk and a very exciting thing happened.

They had just turned off the road into a path across a waste piece of land that led to a lonely bungalow, when Bill saw a dog running towards them. Then all of a sudden Moira pushed Bill aside, and, before he could recover, she had snatched his scarf off, and, making it into a loop, threw it over the dog's head. Then she pulled the loop tight. Bill called out, "What is the matter, Moira?" But Moira was too busy dragging the dog to where there was a thick branch hanging out of a tree. Then Moira called to Bill to run and fetch help, as she was afraid the dog would get away.

It was afterwards found out that the dog had been bitten by a jackal, and that had sent it mad. Moira had seen the foam on its mouth, and that had shown her what was the matter with it. Moira acted as she did so that the dog should not bite anyone in the neighbourhood.

B. M. SLAUGHTER (Form III.)

Shopping in a Big Store.

I do not like shopping in big stores. There are always crowds of people getting in the way—ladies pushing perambulators in which are screaming children, small pampered-looking dogs wearing little coats walking sedately behind their mistresses, and other wilder dogs, dashing about knocking down books or babies, or assistants carrying bales of cloth hurrying from one department to another. Many are the times I have been dragged reluctantly from the bottom to the top of some big store, through various departments, making what I often considered useless purchases.

But there have been occasions when I have found some amusement or enjoyment in a big store. I remember once watching a lady buying a hat. She tried on hat after hat, discarding each one in turn. The assistant could see other customers waiting to be served, and was anxious for the lady to make her choice. She looked round for more hats, and picked up one which she had not noticed before. Placing it on the lady's head, she remarked how well it suited her. The lady looked in the glass, and saw that she was wearing her own hat. I did not stay to hear what she said to the

assistant. At other times I have watched small boys, thoroughly enjoying themselves by using the lifts and escalators as playgrounds. I once saw a boy go up one escalator and down another for very many times in succession, until he was pulled away by an impatient parent.

Other boys would like to remain all day in the toy department, watching the working models of trains or airplanes. Often their fathers enjoy themselves there quite as much as the boys, but they are fetched away by mother, who prefers to gaze at frocks and hats all day. And so the crowds move on, upstairs, downstairs, from one end of the building to the other, in a never ending stream. I should like very much to walk round a big shop after closing time, when it is deserted, to be able to see what everything is really like, without being interrupted.

There is no end to the things which can be bought in a big store. There are departments of all kinds of clothes, furniture, toys, books, shoes, household requirements, food, and usually restaurants, barbers' shops and pets' corners. Most stores of this kind are, however, very much alike. One sees the same things—the same kinds of stairs, floors, lights, lifts—even the commissionaires, although their uniforms may differ, seem to have many things in common. As I quit the stores, I am always glad to leave the crowds and noise, even if it is only to meet more crowds and different noises, for I never enjoy shopping in a big store.

H. D. H.

Scouts.

Once again the Scout troop have passed a very pleasant term with very keen competition amongst the six patrols. About twelve more scouts have passed their second class this year and all of these are racing for the distinction of being first to reach their first class.

On May 6th, in celebration of the Silver Jubilee, the Scout troop, together with other neighbouring troops in the district, are building a bonfire at Cookhill, in the same field where the Coronation bonfire was built.

A special Thanks Badge with an acknowledgement from the Chief Scout was presented to Miss Deans for her kind services to the Scout carol singers.

Points up to date are :—Peacocks 200 ; Kangaroos 180 ; Woodpigeons 145 ; Owls 135 ; Eagles 125 and Cobras 115.

L. G. B.

Musical Society.

PRESIDENT—Mr. Caton.

CHAIRMAN—Miss Deans.

SECRETARY—M. Rowles.

At the end of last Term the Society held a very enjoyable meeting. The programme consisted of carols, sung by different groups. Between the carols came readings from Christmas stories.

On February 28th Miss Marjorie Astbury gave a violin recital, which was all the more interesting as Mr. Bates gave a short explanation of each piece before it was played. Mr. Bates accompanied Miss Astbury at the piano.

The second meeting of the term took place on Thursday, March 14th, when a light classical recital was given by Mr. C. A. Ronald, H.M.I., and Mr. Michael Mullinar. Mr. Ronald sang two groups of German songs, accompanied by Mr. Mullinar who also played two groups of pianoforte solos by German composers.

Debating Society.

COMMITTEE—

Miss Evans (Chairman), T. Jackson, L. Harris, Sherwood,
M. Bryan, Baylis i., Biddle.

Since the last account of the Society appeared in the Record there have been two meetings. At the first, which took place at the end of last term, the subject was: "This house is of the opinion that a belief in Father Christmas ought not to be taught to the children." Sherwood proposed the motion, while Warner was the opposer. It was defeated by 40 votes to 27.

The other debate was on the motion, proposed by J. Jackson and opposed by L. Harris that "This house is of the opinion that money is the most important factor in the search for happiness." The subject was discussed with such keenness that when the voting was taken there were a few who had not delivered their speeches. Written speeches were less in evidence than ever before, and very many found the courage to make their maiden deliveries. The motion was defeated by 30 votes to 10, three people remaining neutral.

It has been decided to found a Discussion Group as a branch of the Debating Society. Membership is limited to those from the Sixth and the Upper Fifth who are keenly interested. The first meeting is taking place on Friday, March 8th, when it has been decided to discuss Leisure ; also Liberty and Spiritualism if there is time.

The period has altogether been one of interesting progress.

W. E. S.

Football.

CAPTAIN—Warner.

SECRETARY—Bayne.

Despite two very encouraging wins at the beginning of the season the First XI. football has been rather disappointing, and six consecutive games were lost at one period of the season. The chief weakness has been in poor constructive work, partly due to the playing of less experienced players in the team ; although, of these, Chatterley and Hands have now reached a good standard. It is sufficient commentary on the forwards to state that Grubb and Warner have scored most of the goals.

This term has seen the formation of a Musical Society for members of the team. Meetings, over which Mr. Cook has kindly presided, have been held after the home games, and entertainment has been provided by the individual and united efforts of the members.

Results of matches played since December 6th are :

- A.G.S. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost 3—7.
- v. Old Scholars (home), lost 2—3.
- v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost 2—3.
- v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), lost 1—7.
- v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost 3—4.
- v. King's Norton S.S. (home), won 2—1.
- v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), lost 1—6.
- v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), lost 1—5.

Sides matches :—

Brownies 5, Jackals 0 ; Tomtits 8, Brownies ; Tomtits 7, Jackals 0.

Hockey.

CAPTAIN—M. Bryan.

SECRETARY—J. Jackson.

COMMITTEE.—R. Spencer, M. Sisam, M. Rowles.

This term there has been a decided improvement in the First XI. play, owing to a re-arrangement of the positions of some members of the team, and to the fact that combination between the defence and forwards has been more effective.

The First XI. have played five matches, and of these three have been won, one drawn and one lost. Two remain to be played. The Second XI. have won the only match which has yet been played and have one more match to play. The Fourth forms, however, were unsuccessful in their match against Alcester C. of E. School.

Sides girdles have been introduced for sides matches. The Brownies are to wear green, the Jackals white and the Tomtits red.

On February 16th, a party visited Smethwick, where they very much enjoyed watching a women's territorial hockey match between the Midlands and the North.

The First XI. has been represented by the following:—
F. Sore, J. Jackson, I. Tombs, M. Rowles, M. Bryan, F. Johnson, R. Spencer, M. Clemson, M. Sisam, M. Bomford, K. Gibbs.

Results:—

Autumn Term

A.G.S. First XI. v. Pershore Ladies (home), lost 2—4.

v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost 3—6.

v. Old Scholars (home), lost 1—10.

A.G.S. Second XI. v. Stratford C. of E. Central School (away),
lost 1—3.

Spring Term

A.G.S. First XI. v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), drawn 3—3.

v. Pershore Ladies (away), won 2—0.

v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (home), won 4—1.

v. P.H.G.S. First XI. (away), lost 3—7.

v. Stratford Technical School (away), won
12—0.

A.G.S. Second XI. v. P.H.G.S. Second XI. (home), won 4—0.

IVth Forms v. Alcester C. of E. School (home), lost 0—3.

Sides Matches—Tomtits 1, Brownies 0; Jackals 2, Brownies
2.

F. J. H. J.

For the Juniors.

The Spring Flowers' Festival.

In the palace of Emperor Daffodil all was bustle. Spring had come, and the Emperor and Empress were going to have their annual festival. On the chosen day, the Emperor and his lady sat on their thrones of gold. All around them stood their courtiers in their Spring robes; and, lining the way up which visitors would come, were the Emperor's wasp soldiers with their sting-spears.

The first to arrive were the Blue-bells from the copse on the hill, in their beautiful blue robes, green hose and green slippers. Then came little Daisy, in a pink dress with a white skirt and a little yellow crown. (She ought to have been in bed, but her mother had allowed her to go.) Next came Snowdrop, all by herself, in white, with green shoes. Then Harry Hedgehog, all bristles, from his winter sleep, arrived (late as usual) muttering to himself that he felt rather ill.

When all were assembled, the Emperor rose with his lady and they went to the little glen where the ball was to be held. When the happy company got there, they found that someone had eaten all the feast. You will remember I told you that Harry Hedgehog felt rather ill. It was he who had eaten the feast and that was why he had arrived late.

The Emperor ordered his soldiers to fetch some cobweb rope and Harry was tied up. This being done, the Emperor ordered his chief chef to prepare another meal. While they were waiting they danced, and the Grasshopper played the music.

At last the feast was over. All the Flower-fairies joined in a dance to entertain the host and hostess. Home they went, and this festival was talked about for many weeks.

COLLIER (Form II.).

Once upon a time in India, there was a big toy factory, where they made tigers, elephants, horses and engines. I was a clockwork motor. With my brothers I was put into a big box. We felt ourselves being lifted into the air. Then we felt ourselves falling. Then there was a big bump and we landed in the hold of a ship.

For nearly three weeks we were rolled and bumped about. Then our ship sounded her siren and we were in the enormous docks of Plymouth.

Again we were lifted into the air. We were now being swung into a truck, where we waited for a little while. At last the train started off, for its long journey to London. It happened that the engine derailed, so that meant a hold-up. After a little while we were shunted on to another line, and at last we reached London. I was sold to a big boy, who still has me.

DE WHALLEY (Form I.)

A Short Story.

Once upon a time there was a goblin called Peter. He was a good little boy. One day a little wolf came to the town. Peter said, "My dear wolf, you can live with me." The wolf thought that would be fine, so he went straight in and ate up Peter.

SPOONER (Form Lower I.)

ALCESTER:
THE CHRONICLE OFFICE,
HIGH STREET.

the mountains; these latter are said to have emigrated from Indo-China. The Malay is, in appearance, short and generally of a dark olive complexion. His body is well built and well proportioned. As a rule the Malay even of the poorest class, has still time for the observance of a courtesy, which many a race, more advanced in other respects, does not display. It is this courtesy, together with pride and independence of character, added to a distinct sense of humour and a bitter resentment of ridicule, which form their main characteristics. Their chief occupation is that of growing their own food stuffs, such as rice, coconuts, fruit and a few root plants. Also they do a good deal of fishing. Pottery and embroidery work, as well as mat and basket work is done here. It is most amusing as well as interesting to see the old Malay women doing this work. In some of the little villages they come round with the articles made of a pliable rush known as rattan, which they gather and dye, such as bags of all kinds, mats, beach hats, cushions. Their aim is to sell the ones they have, but if you want some other colour or size or style, they just sit down at your door and make it for you. These things are marvellously cheap. The Malay does a little weaving too, and silver and brass work, also lace making, wood carving and, of course, the manufacture of their weapon of war, the kris, a small sword usually chased and inlaid with Malayan silver. These days they are coming into their own a good deal more. At one time the important clerical positions and such like were taken by other nationalities, but now a considerable number are filled by Malays. But the Malay is essentially a peaceful homely person, and he just loves to go to work somewhere for a few years to get a bit of money, just enough to buy a piece of land large enough to enable him to build a very small house, consisting of about two rooms, where he and his family can live, and enough land to be able to grow rice for themselves and perhaps a few rubber trees to produce rubber, the sale of which will supply money for their other small wants. Their religion is Moham-medan. Their women folk are not chattels, but active partners in the business of life, and yield nothing in shrewdness to those of other nations. Their children are good-looking and well built, and nowadays they soon get very smart, because there is every facility for them to have a good, sound education. In the British-run schools they go up as far as taking School Certificate.

There are about sixteen nationalities represented in Malaya. Chief among these are Chinese and Indians of all castes. The